

your old carcase into

voice trembled as he
on't, old friend. For
wine, home, wife and
I'll not begrudge me a
iskey? I had to have
died."

you unweaving old
the saloonkeeper, with
his command with
a violent jerk on the

way, and the groovy
old drunk to which was
old locket, laughing a-
pinked neck.
d miser," laughed the
e chain violently from
neck. "I'll keep this
ou

the Whiskey."

ic old man stood as it
clutching wildly with
throat in a vain search
ried out, "For God's
my locket! Give me
Don't open it!" he
nkeeper began to ex-
"Give it to me! For
give it to me."
old idiot," laughed the
d have thought you'd
at your time of life?
see what kind of a

erson saw a strange
eaded old man hang
ees before the brutal
while the tears ran
necks, begged and im-
him back the locket.
pper only laughed and
retty girl to make all
wouldn't miss seeing
o save my soul from
old this he opened
ing curl of beautiful
and, exclaiming on his
of around them like
alms and angels!" he
d the locket, hair and
and began to stomp

Tigress

young, the old man
ue of the golden curl.
this struggle ensued.
a gleam of glittering
he grey head fell back
the red blood spurted
the murderer.
ed the saloonkeeper;
us beyond help."
g, my darling!" he
life-blood ebbed away.
thought, when you
lts arms around my
locket, kissed me as
g in your own sweat
I love 'oo, I love 'oo
me 'cause I gives 'oo
ridny present?—who
at that I should die a
stomped in a drunken
x of

the Golden Hair?

orgive me! my mur-
d'!" And then, rising
w, he almost shrieked,
k on a look of more
sh! "My God came
and all who deal in
s cursed and blasted
and he fell back a
nail.

AD HOPKOS.

First-Quenching,
th-Giving.

an English temper-
the following re-
ed drinks for workday
enriching drink, made
ounces of fresh, line-
r ounces of cocoa into
a little cold water
then add six ounces
i a gallon of boiling
water is being added).
n a stone jar. Costs
n.

harvest drink: Boil
a and half ounce of
one and a-half gallons
ty-five minutes, add
brown sugar, and boil
hen strain and bottle,
usk while hot; it will
king when cold. It
a cool place. Dried
used instead of hops,
gallon.

Official Gazette of
Army, published by
orn, S. A. Printing
t Street, Toronto.

THE WAR CRIMINALS

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

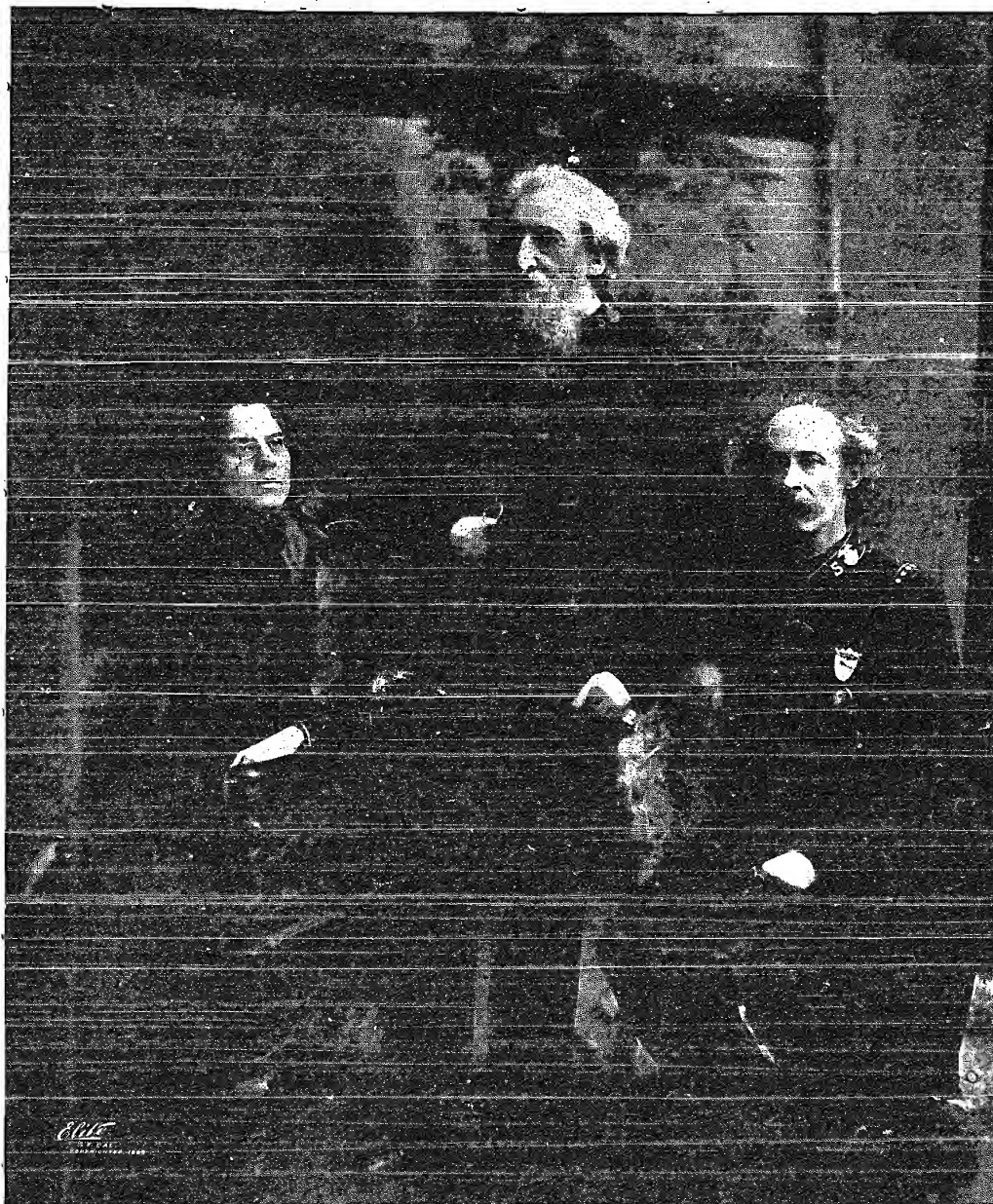
Vol. IV. No. 3.

WILLIAM BOOTH.
[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

JULY 9, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH.
[Commissioner.]

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THE GENERAL, Our International Leader.
COMMANDER AND CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER, Leaders of Our American Forces.

ALL ABOUT NEW WHATCOM.

By ADJUTANT BARR.

AROUND the crescent of Belingham Bay nestles the beautiful little city of New Whatcom, linking hands with her sister city, Fairhaven. The location is superb, the resources many, and with a fair chance and additional enterprise a bright future is in store for the city.

Whatcom is a boom town, went up like a rocket—came down again—but brighter days are dawning, and it is slowly but surely pulling itself together, and pressing on to prosperity. Why shouldn't it? With its timber, its fruit, its fishing and its prospective gold mines. If all reports be true, some are.

Going to Find their Kindeke

in this corner of the world.

Mount Baker is busy enraging his garments some twenty miles from here. His ermine mantle is being hid aside to give place to his summer green and gray, and strong hands and hopeful hearts are wending their way thitherward to unearth the treasure hid so long.

Thus, while many suffer the rigors of Alaskan life in the frozen North, others 'neath a lovely summer sky, in one of earth's loveliest and gentlest, are comfortably endeavoring to make their "pile." That word reminds me that this city is built to some extent on piles, and the briny waters

Creep Silently Under our Barracks.

across the street, and on for a block further. A Salvation Army barracks suggests a Salvation Army corps, and a Salvation Army corps whether big or little is always interesting. A War Cry clipping now before me reads thus: "Whatcom was opened July 18th, 1890. Captain DeLong and wife and Cadet Wm. Smith were left in charge," then follows a short programme of how some of the early hours of the corps' history were utilized. "Forty-five hours carpentering at the quarters, ten hours painting signs, ten hours unpacking goods, making tables, setting up stoves, one hour visiting, eighteen hours cleaning, two souls saved and not done yet."

Eight years have since come and gone since these reports were penned, and praise God

We're "Not Done Yet."

In those days the boom was at its height, money was plentiful, and sin—dirty, degrading sin—was well to the front. Drinking, dancing, gambling on every side.

The Army barracks crowded nightly soon begins to tell. Here's a straw, an indicator of the proper sort. The saloon over door has changed hands, and the man who now runs it has had the electric light taken down, can't afford it, don't have much business now. Glory to God!

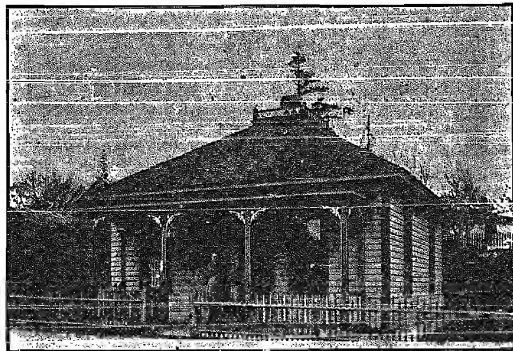
The usual results were manifest, sinners saved, drunkards reformed, homes made happy, and many lives made brighter. Soon the dear old Army Place floated o'er a brave band of warriors, singing the songs of Calvary. The years have rolled on leaving the sin sinners. Voices that were once heard on Whatcom streets are to-day singing the "new song." Others are scattered o'er the great Union, battling against sin and doubt sometimes praying for "the old corps that brought them to the fold."

and should you ever visit Whatcom you will find still here a little band of warriors fighting against sin and the devil, uplifting Jesus, proclaiming His love, and pressing His claims upon the people. Here is the picture of one of them, The drummer and Junior Sergeant-Major, Brother Weede has the interests of the corps very much at heart, is a Salvationist from the word "go," and is ever thankful the Army came his way. Listen to a bit of testimony that frequently falls from his lips:

"Friends, I am going on for fifty years of age. The last ten years of my life before getting saved, I was a tramp, living nothing but a tramp life, but I'm glad the Salvation Army ever came my way, to hunt up us poor drunks, and shake us by the hand and call us brothers. Six years ago in Seattle I gave God my heart. It was the best day's work I ever done."

Sister Ella Aikens is both Corps Secretary and Correspondent. Minus salvation I think she would be much inclined to be "tony," but between the Free Methodist and the good old Army she is thoroughly Salvationist. She has a deep, practical interest in the corps, is a Company Sergeant, and can review the lesson or collect a dollar or two for the corps when necessary with the next one.

Sister Bury, our worthy Treasurer, can be summed up in three words—unassuming, reserved, faithful. She is also a Junior worker, and Cry hoamer, and performs her duties in strict regulation fashion. Were you to ask me her weak point, I think I should say, "Knee-drill," but we are believing.

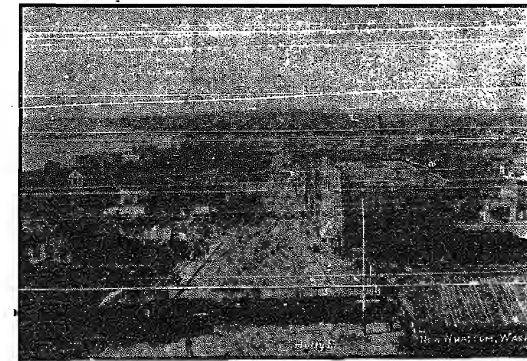


OFFICERS' QUARTERS, NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

Mrs. Adjutant Barr standing in the doorway.

Besides the locals we have a crowd of good old faithfuls who have fought many battles, and are good for many more. They love the Army, wear its uniform, and march the streets for the Master.

Our Junior Work is in a healthy condition and is under the supervision of Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Word. The chief feature being its solidity, system, and the fact that it has now become self-supporting.



NEW WHATCOM, WASH., U.S.A.

The Band of Love gave great promise until the measles epidemic broke out. We are believing, however to pull it together again, and have our little carpenter shop and sewing room in full swing again. Having a separate Junior Hall is a great boon. Hurrah for the Juniors!

The citizens, from the genial, warm-hearted Mayor down, are very friendly and liberal, and recognize encouragingly the good work done.

They have a big place in their hearts for our beloved Commissioner, but then

We expect that the Harvest Festival's results will be augmented by this agency, as more ground will be traversed.

Forest reminded us of a new opening. All honor to Brother Duncan and two or three others who held on when there were no officers. Their faith and labors have been rewarded by a splendid revival. Some fine promising folks among them. Already three Candidates have applied. That full platform of enthusiastic soldiery is fresh in our minds still, and our appetites are keen for another drink together. Well done Captain Hollett and Lieutenant Burton.

Chedford has some good old "stand-bys." There is some backbone about the soldiers we saw here, and a good ring in their testimonies. Captain Bentley has well held of things and her corps will continue (as in her past commands) to give a good account of itself.

Sandra's all right. Had a good time in open-air, but small number inside, owing to the river fronting the town. This is not surprising. Captain Mathers and Lieutenant Burrows have some tactics to introduce by which the triumphs of the past will not only be maintained, but increased.

Glen Rae is only a small place, but we had a very enjoyable time here. Brother and Sister Lucas made us very comfortable, and the work of the soldiers has been much blessed. That's right, comrades—not only here, but everywhere—hold on, officers or no officers. The P. O. dedicated four babies. Mrs. Southall sang, also Ensign Ottaway, who has blossomed into a nightingale—with a slight mistake now and again.

Petrolia has a fine personnel in its local officers. It is well organized, and a good work is going on. Sergeant-Major Churchill and his wife, who is Treasurer, Secretary, and a lot of servants give backbone to the corps, and with that makes its influence felt. There will be some Candidates from this corps in the near future. Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Ireland has well held of the work and running on well, and is a lot. He promises a few Junior Cadets soon. Ensign Ottaway and Captain Coe have well held. Many victories have been won, greater to follow.

So much for our trip to the Petrolia District, which was also supposed to be a little rest. It was, if a change means that—anyway, we got blessed, because God helped us to bless somebody else. There are other men and other names we might mention, but—well, the Editor knows. Forward, comrades, the old-fashioned Blood-and-Fire will conquer every time.

J. S. BESOT-MAJOR WEEDE,
Of New Whatcom Corps, Wash.

A LA CYCLE.

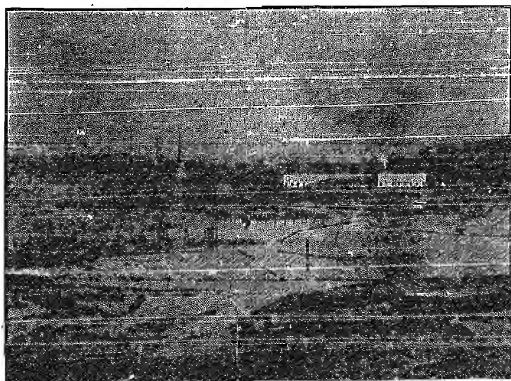
Touring in the Petrolia District—The Provincial Officers and District Officers After the Devil A-Wheel—Not Alms—One Way of Re-consecrating—A Good Year's Record—235 Out of 391.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

SILENT, but not forgotten. Such is our attitude towards our old friend the War Cry. Many an interesting item, as well as tidings of many a victory might have proven as a little "War-cryer" to its keen palate and voracious appetite. But never mind philosophizing. "What have you done?" Ay, that's it. Well, Ladies and gentlemen, we're not ashamed of our record.

The past year has seen many victories—advances in pretty nearly every respect. Our soldiers' roll is splendidly increased, with a crowning triumph in the Siege of 235 additions. The number of souls during the effort was 391. The spirit of the Siege yet remains as evidenced by the number of souls reported for May.

One factor that has wielded no small influence in the advances that have been made is the bicycle. The question of "selling out" the War Cry has been solved in many instances. Adjutant Coombe is the latest devotee to the silent steed, and bears evidence to the above fact. Visitation, too, is made easier, and time is economized thereby.



R. B. J. OWS MILL, NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

Workers.

mon.

-21.

history.

oy, but he had service of the loss not tell us duties were. t the sweeping was done none God. There is little fingers to

ecious.

o full of privi- spiritual light walked in was Gospel day. But what light they t. This is what With our great- greater respon- d of the Lord

Servant.

was because of a very old man, muel ministered word. No one is young to be in

Call.

In the Temple dim, there rang muel's name. It Samuel did not we have mis- in our hearts we n God to be His

I.

edient boy. He we he was com- this little boy, or ve done, without want me for?" to see what was new that the lad and his earthly ke His faithful up.

Four Times.

ld not at first as God Himself very patient and times more. It unwearied love calls our name l we do attend. Just be the Lord d the boy (obed- "Speak Lord."

sage.

ws that God has as Samuel's first ay more, for God great prophet, to any of His deal- naps it was be- that the boy's eible truth spe- old man upon were about to el the sad news. Punished.

and sorrow was because when e did not punish e for children to naughtiness has r parents: God mothers and mothers it firmly reprove g, and if need be

te News.

r Samuel to tell disobey. He did dreadful truth. And all heaved Always tell the d all the truth, t may be.

In Grace.

arning of Samuel's well and pleased he grew in years to stranger with- or his great life know that Sam- vant of the Lord.

TEXT.

r Thy servant

a Prophet from as, and caused t down flat at a punctured rain's d bring in crying through the crow- much more can n fully sanctified service?

the American National Social Secretary, came into the Field work under Commissioner Coombs in Canada in 1884.

—When writing for the War Cry, do not try to write in the sense of putting on style. Have something to tell, and tell it in the shortest and clearest possible way. —We expect to present our readers with a good portrait of the Trade Secretary, and a character sketch within the next few weeks.

—Ensign James Adams, formerly of the Headquarters Trade Department, then at the Eastern Provincial Headquarters, re-appeared in Toronto, and was observed at his old accustomed seat quietly enjoying a good dinner in the Officers' Mess Room of the Workman's Hotel.

—Major Collier is still flying around. On the back of the report of his Moncton meetings, he writes in hasty characters, "Say, Mr. Editor, pardon any mistakes. I am in a rush. The Provincial Officer, Cusher and Shorthand are all away, and I have everything to look after for a few days in addition to doing these Moncton meetings."

—The following is an instance of the warm part which our Rescue Work holds in the hearts of many friends outside our ranks. It happened at Montreal. Dr. Reddy who gives his professional services to the Home resides some little distance from the street, which, when the time is situated, a child was ill a short time ago—the officers rushed to the aid of the child, and the doctor, who was dying. One of them rushed to the nearest physician. He proved to be a French doctor who had just retired. He immediately arose, came, prescribed for the poor wee baby, took much interest, and added to former remarks as he left the house, "Let me know how the little one is," will call again and again, "the child."

MISSING.

Wednesday the Field Commissioner conducted a council in her office dealing with the coming Harvest Festival. There were present Colonel Jacobs, Brigadiers Margetts and Gaskin, Majors Horn and Friedrich, Adjutants Page, Morris, and Stanyon. A good deal of the machinery for the running of the Harvest Festival campaign was under review. Brigadier Margetts was appointed to the preparation of the Hand-Book.

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend, or assist, if possible, wronged women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 100 St. Toronto, Canada. Mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and Friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—)(—
First Insertion.
3067. FERTIG, CHARLES BOYD. You
will hear of something to your advantage
by writing at once to E. A. Dodge, 261
Victoria St., Toronto, Canada.

3068. EVANS, JAMES M. Reported to have joined the Salvation Army a year or two since at Minnedosa, Minn. His mother is dangerously ill. Will he, or any person acquainted with his whereabouts, please send his address to Miss Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

3069. MULLET, FRED ROBERT. Left Donaldson Mills nine months ago. Has not been heard from since. Came out of Dr. Barnardo's Home nine years ago. Age 27, sunny complexion, short, stout, married and has two children. He may possibly be in Toronto, Hamilton or Goderich. Please write at once to Commissioner E. Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

3070. CARTER, CHARLOTTE. Not heard from for many years. Her sister Annie enquires. Address, care of Commissioner Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

2071. PARR, THOMAS. Was seen last by any of his friends in Toronto, November, 1890, shortly after getting his discharge from the Royal Artillery, then stationed at Halifax. He is tall, dark

complexion, hair and eyes. Would be about 42 years old now. We have news for him. It would be to his interest to communicate with Miss Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

2055. WELLS, PHILLIPS. A machinist supposed to be working in a machine shop in Montreal. Will he, or any person

3055. **McAULIFFE, RICHARD ANTHONY.** A weaver. If he, or any person knowing his present address, will communicate at once with Commissioner Eva Booth, 8, A. Temple, Toronto, will get information.

506 Information

Is there also a regulation form for transferring a soldier from one corps to another, in addition to the above-mentioned "pass?"

Lastly : Where can I go to see a corps that has the Army Song Books for sale, ditto badges, S S's and other S. A. emblems ?—A Sergeant-Major.

ANSWERS.

1.—No printed form known as a "Soldier's Pass" is in existence in this Territory, but when a soldier wishes to travel and to be recognized by the officers and soldiers of the various corps he intends to visit, the officer of the corps to which he belongs will, upon application, arrange to get a letter of recommendation from his D. O., or in the event of his wanting to go to another country, would get a similar letter from the Provincial Officer.

2.—The same method would apply in the case of a soldier needing a transfer to another corps.

3.—We are very sorry to hear that "A Sergeants'-Major has not seen the S. A. Soldiers' Rules in use for so long. We hope it is not the result of no soldiers being enrolled at his corps. They are still in use, and the regulation concerning them is that each soldier is to be furnished with a copy at or before enrollment."

4.—Song Books, badges, S S's, and other S. A. emblems are kept in stock at the Provincial Headquarters. The officer in charge of the corps is responsible to see that the corps is supplied with all such requisites. We advise the S.-M. in question to respectfully call the attention of his commanding officer to these regulations, when we have no doubt any delinquency would be promptly rectified.

Visitation by Officers

To visit well will pay you over and over again. Pure religion is not giving a nice address on the platform, but it is in visitation. Let us have more visitation of sinners and backsliders. Do not let them say, "No man cares for my soul." Do not forget the rich, they have a soul that hungers for the Bread of Life as much as our poorer brethren.—From "Ocean Waves." St. John's Nfld.

Get Them Converted.

How far moral rectitude, if universally established, would go in solving the prevailing social evils, may be inferred from an interesting contribution to the statistical side of sociology made by a notable committee of the Charity Organization Society of New York. The committee has carefully analyzed the records of several hundred families which applied for assistance, and the report shows the alleged causes of poverty in these cases, and the real causes as disclosed by inquiry. In regard to the causes of the distress, the following table is full of significance:

Causes.	Alleged.	Real.
Lack of employment	313	181
Sickness or accident	226	164
Intemperance	5	186
Shiftlessness		101
No real need		121

How to Write

The June number of "The Officer," just to hand, in the course of an article on writing for the Salvation Army Press, has the following: "Don't use big words. There may be some use for 'fine' writing, such as is represented by long descriptions and carefully elaborated sentences, but there isn't much room for this in Salvationist literature and there certainly should be none at all in an interview. Officers talk simply and naturally; why should they not write simply and naturally?"

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QUIRY COLUMN.

Why if there is such a form now for another part of the Territory, showing the spiritual etc., of beaver.

also a regulation form for a soldier from one corps to addition to the above-men-

was recruited, some years ago, with a copy of "The Soldier's Rules." Are they of the Army's regulations, I think them in use for several years to explain their use, and to name.

Where can I go to see a copy of the Army Song Books for sale, S. S. and other S. A. em- Sergeant-Major.

ANSWERS.

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same method would apply in the case of a soldier needing a transfer or corps.

Are very sorry to hear that "A Major has not seen the S. A. Rules in use for so long. We are not the result of no soldier being at his camp. They are still in use and the regulation concerning that each soldier is to be furnished a copy at or before enrolling.

Books, badges, S. S. and other insignia are kept in stock at the Headquarters. The officer in the corps is responsible to see that each is supplied with all such insignia. We advise the S. M. in ques- tion to call the attention of the commanding officer to these regula- tions. We have no doubt any de- fect will be promptly rectified.

INGS FROM OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

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It will pay you over and over. Pure religion is not giving a man on the platform, but it is to be a man of more visitation and backsliders. Do not let "No man cares for my soul" forget the rich, they have a soul. St. John's, Nfld.

Let Them Convert.

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Reason.	Alleged.	Real.
Employment	313	184
or accident	226	164
Illness	22	166
Need	101	121

—Ruth H. Horn.

How to Write.

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THE WAR CRY.

5

THE KLONDIKE CONTINGENT Make Excellent Progress Towards Dawson City.

CONDUCT CAPITAL MEETINGS AT SHEEP'S CAMP AND CANYON CITY.

Traverse Triumphantly the Chilcot Pass.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

E are now just fourteen miles on our journey over the Chilcot Pass. The writer must confess that he had pictured in his mind much more terrible and arduous journey than he has actually experienced. To say that the Party have enjoyed the walk thus far may appear to the terror-stricken newspaper reader extravagant and bordering on the region of fairy-tale—but such has really been the case. Of course traveling has been rendered much easier by the fact that the people along the route have given to us as generously as to render it possible to ship our effects over the cable line to the summit. It will perhaps be of interest to know that in Canyon City and Sheep Camp (two very small villages) the people have given us no less than \$25.

Mountains, of course, have had to be climbed, rivers and creeks waded through or crossed by means of a small frail tree thrown across, besides some rough, stony land and a little genuine swampy ground to be overcome apart from these occurrences no difficulties have arisen.

The scenery has been superb, with the snow-clad mountains majestically looking down upon us from either side, and the rivers below rushing along at a terrific rate, and in their surging leading enchantment to these lonely but fascinatingly beautiful spots. Such glories of Nature fill one's mind and heart with thoughts of the deepest and highest reverence for the God who caused them to exist and continue. Among the multitudes of thoughts, some of which have dwelt but a moment, others remaining for longer reflection, this one has been uppermost—it is man alone can spoil such pictures of earth's loveliness. Nature truly is in harmony and the contrast is thus made here all the greater where the restraints of righteousness seem to be so often discarded by man.

It would be a hard heart indeed that could pass by the poor animals tugging along up the mountain steps with loads far too heavy for their endurance as witnessed by the numerous skeletons to be found all along the trail. Yet it would be wrong to give the impression that only men with hard hearts and steel hands exist, or that this is a region where only thieves and robbers thrive. Already have we seen scores of beautiful spirits, in fact such seems to be in the majority, even amidst surroundings which are often peculiarly adverse. These admire the Army, and the fact that we are officers in it adds to our great courtesy and willingness to assist and help us in any way. Those have not been few who have opened up their hearts and poured the story of their sorrows into our sympathetic ear. "I came here a short time ago—spent \$1,400—started to make money—then fire came and burned up all I had, and now I am left penniless with my wife and children thousands of miles off, who had hoped with me that I should be successful." This was the story of one dear fellow, told with tears in his eyes not many hours ago. Such at any rate feel that we have not come in vain to this Arctic region, and welcome us accordingly.

At Canyon City last night we were treated to with breathless attention by nearly the whole population, which resulted in blessing to many, as evidenced by those who gripped us warmly and eloquently by the hand at the conclusion of the meeting we held there.

Of Sheep Camp, from which I write, the same might be said. We have been received with greatest kindness and interest, and have made a mark for God and eternity.

We cross the summit early to-morrow and without doubt shall have the pleasure of sliding down the other side again, whether with the air of a friendly rude walkingstick or otherwise. Never mind, we'll get there somehow, and it will not be long before we shall be singing, "His blood can make the vilest clean," and finding in abundance diamonds in the rough in Dawson City.

Later.

"North Pole" has just completed a 25 mile walk over the Pass with Adam here, this work is so that if some of the varied

experiences of the Salvation Army Klondike Expedition are not written up as crisply or catchily as Cry readers might wish them, they must remember the circumstances and take the best we are able to offer.

I think I left you last time at Sheep Camp. We had struck camp there for the night, had a good rattling open-air meeting, and were to cross over the summit the next day. And did we get there? You say. Of course we did—but,



INTERIOR OF INDIAN FISHING CAMP—HALIBUT DRYING.

oh! what a climb and a pull and a tug—sometimes with all hands and feet, and at others managing to make slow progress by means of a walking-stick. Still, we got there—got right on the summit, and although when we landed it was blowing a frightful hurricane and you could scarcely see ten feet in front of you, yet nothing daunted, after attending to our effects, we began to descend. I will not attempt to describe how, but suffice it to say anyhow, with seventy pounds on our backs we did it, and went first across Crater Lake, then through the canyon and later to the farther end of Long Lake in a thick fog, frequently sliding through the slushy snow to the thigh. But we stuck to it, and seven miles of the worst walking which could possibly be imagined was overcome. Then it was that the following occurred. "Run into that slush and buy us five worth of biscuits," said a generous heart. No sooner said than done, and a few moments later the messenger returned with six small buns or home-made biscuits. But one minute more and not a vestige of these was to be seen. Appetites still continue unimpaired. By this time the entire Party had arrived, camp was quickly struck, and as the reader might suppose, as quickly as possible a wild feed began. That done and a prayer of thanksgiving uttered the camp was soon silent in the daylight evening. Except the noise of the roaring wind, all was still.

"To-morrow morning," said the Adjutant, "we must begin to pack our stuff down from the summit." Bright and early (and it seems always early here, as I never see dark) through deep snow over the still frozen lakes and canons the Party hurried toward the summit, passing innumerable dog-trains and packers on its way. Our destination reached, one of our large canoes, containing an extra 200 pounds was put on small sleighs, and then the head began tugging away at a big boat through countless snow drifts, with at least every tenth step sinking in to the knee. Sometimes pulling up grade at an angle of fifty degrees. As you may experience a great variety of temperatures and conditions in a few hours here, this work has to be done at times through a

dense fog, at others in a snow storm, and again beneath a furious sun which has the power to scorch and burn up your flesh in a fearful manner—such has been the experience of each member of the Salvation Army Klondike Expedition. Nevertheless, as the old adage has it, "there is a silver lining to every cloud," and while we only succeeded in getting the first canoe five miles in the one day, the next brought a wonderful change in the right direction. Having secured two good sleighs, a sail was soon hoisted and a terrific gale blowing in our favor, when once started we sped along with magnificent speed, so that the full seven miles were covered in a little more than two hours.

This done, our entire outfit was landed at this distance beyond the summit in three days. "You fellows beat all creation," was the expression of one individual, and why shouldn't we? We are going to Klondike for a righteous cause, the summit is with us, it is a remarkable thing (and not so remarkable, after all), at every turn things have turned in our favor—on all sides we are treated with courtesy, kindness and words of cheer.

We have just walked seven miles, and called in for a cup of coffee at a rough lunch counter, behind which three men were busy, two of whom were employed

That First Midnight March and Supper

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no friend like Jesus, There's no place like home."

SOFTLY, sweetly wafted the heart-touching words—as refrain to "My Jesus, I love Thee." The shadows of night, and the murkiness of a tiny of Fundy for rested upon the city of St. John, N. B., as Brigadier Pugmire gave out the lines of the above quoted song. The splendid company of the city's united soldiery caught up the words and sang them earnestly to the latest of by-standers who had gathered from the surrounding vicinity, and drew near to the open-air pier.

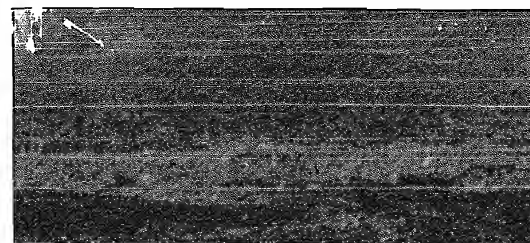
We had marched from the beautiful Queen's Square Church to the Sheffield district at the close of the social meeting. Brigadier Pugmire, Major Collier, the city officers, the newly-commissioned League of Mercy, and a good number of the city soldiers were present. We had planned to have a midnight supper and the city's united soldiery caught up the words and sang them earnestly to the latest of by-standers who had gathered from the surrounding vicinity, and drew near to the open-air pier.

I wish I had the brush of an artist, or the pen of a ready writer to graphically describe the scene enacted in the two or three hours which followed. Hundreds, I suppose, listened to the songs and messages sang and delivered in the open-air which took place. All classes seemed to be represented. From the blue-coated officials, whose services I am pleased to say, was not called into requisition, to the red-coats who pleaded for admission to the meeting, and one of whom got saved during the evening. There were young girls, and to say, treating in the "way of death," older women, and men unacquainted with a meeting crowd. It was an innovation, the first experience of the kind in Canada, and many of the poor girls who had been invited by the Rescue officers personally, were shy about coming into the supper and service. The little hall, kindly loaned by Mr. Durman, was filled, many men standing for two hours. An impromptu sort of meeting was held. Brigadier Pugmire led off with a song. All was interest, intense interest. One by one some of the poor girls slipped into the hall, until quite a number were present. Captain Ptery and others sang touching solos. Rev. Mr. Stuel and Mr. Wadell, Pastor of Queen's Square, who were present spoke helpful words. Others took part. Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire sang, and the Brigadier made a strong appeal for souls. In the hearty old-time prayer meeting which followed, led alternately by the Brigadier and Major Collier, four knots at the Cross. One, a man who came to the meeting thoroughly intoxicated, and we are told had squandered \$500 in drink. The second, a red-coated soldier, whose chums gathered round at the close and advised him to "stick to it." The third, a poor fellow one known to the Rescue officers. The fourth a little negro woman, who was enthusiastic, but who finished up by flourishing her umbrella over the head of one of her own race. We imagine she will require "another dip."

Though many were intoxicated, the order was almost perfect. St. John friends had sent in the best of food for the supper. Adjutant Joel and her helpers had worked hard. Ensign Adams and Ensign Perry were indefatigable in their efforts to assist the Rescue Staff in making this enterprise a success.

We came away after Major Collier and Captain Ptery had enjoyed a Newfoundland dance, as the froxy dawn was upning the Eastern sky, praising God for this fitting conclusion of our blessed campaign in St. John city. The Rescue Officers will now conduct a weekly meeting in Sheffield district.

We are now at Deer Lake and it will only be a day or two before our boats will be on the water, and with all speed we shall be sailing towards Dawson City. NORTH POLE.



SPECIAL CONTENTS THIS WEEK.

A LETTER TO A BACKSLIDER, from the General.
 EN ROUTE TO DAWSON, Over the Chilkoot with our Klondike Contingent, by Our Special Correspondent.
 ALL ABOUT NEW WHATCOM (Illustrated) by Adjutant Barr.
 PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE COMMANDER AND CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER, by Brigadier Alice Lewis.
 PRACTICAL HOLINESS.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Bishop, of Random Island, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Taylor, of Triton, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Greenland, of Gooseberry Island, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Mercer, of Selly Cove, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Cumming, of Heart's Delight, to be Captain.
 Lieutenant Moulton, of Clarendville, to be Captain.
 Cadet Downey, of St. John's Garrison, Nfld., to be Lieutenant.
 Cadet Rose, of St. John's Garrison, Nfld., to be Lieutenant.
 Cadet Legg, of St. John's Garrison, Nfld., to be Lieutenant.
 Cadet Richards, of St. John's Garrison, Nfld., to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Ensign Cooper, of Carbonear, to the Tilt Cove District.
 Ensign Gosling, of St. John's Shelter, to the Bonavista District.
 Ensign Kenway, of Bonavista, to Harbor Grace.
 Ensign Moss, of Greenspond, to Grand Bank.
 Ensign Parsons, of Grand Bank, to St. John's Shelter.
 Ensign Newman, of Tilt Cove, to Carbonear.
 Ensign Ed. Fletcher, of Toronto Shelter, to Richmond St. Corps.
 EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
 Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

Matter for insertion in this paper should be addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do not undertake to return rejected contributions. Write with ink on one side of the paper. Leave a margin on both sides. Use separate sheets of paper for returns of War Cry sales to "Mountain Pen" and for Corja regalia.

THE CHIEF FEATURE OF NEXT WEEK'S WAR CRY.

WHILE absent on her trip to Skagway, the Field Commissioner wrote a paper for the War Cry entitled, "Pack Horses, or Bear ye One Another's Burdens." The occasion which stirred up Miss Booth to write "Bear ye One Another's Burdens," was the sight of the pack horses en route from Skagway to Dawson City. She has thrown the full force of her sympathetic soul into the writing of the article, which is one of the most stirring that has ever come from her pen. It will appear next week, and we cordially desire to draw every reader's attention to the same.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

WE feel like congratulating ourselves on the excellent picture of the General, the Consul, and the Commander, which adorns our front page this week, and fully anticipate it giving unusual satisfaction to the purchasers of the War Cry. The picture is produced from a photograph by the Mittle Co., of San Francisco, specially taken to occupy a central place in the great International



ADJUTANT AND MRS. BARR.

Group picture, which Secretary James N. Hyde has been so laboriously preparing for the last twelve months. Brigadier Alice Lewis' reminiscences of the Commander and Consul are also very interesting. We are promised another contribution from her pen at no distant date.

A POPULAR PROMOTION.

THOROUGH Salvationist and eminently successful officer as she is, we congratulate Staff-Captain Ethel Galt on her promotion, and undertake to say that this action of the Commissioner's will meet with the hearty endorsement of everyone on the field who has any knowledge of the sterling worth of Staff-Captain Galt's character and work.

ENSIGN PAYNE SLIGHTLY IMPROVED.

WE rejoice to know that Ensign Payne, of whose serious illness we made mention a few issues ago, is improving somewhat in health. A touching scene was witnessed when at the close of the recent officers' councils conducted by Brigadier Sharp, in St. John's, Newfoundland, the Staff Officers went up in a body to give a hearty visit to the Ensign before they left for their appointments. The visit of their brother officers was much appreciated by Ensign and Mrs. Payne. May God restore our comrade to health and active service!

FOR PERFECTING THE MACHINERY.

BIG BROADIER MARGETTS is now engaged upon the next Harvest Festival Hand-Book. When this is completed the Field Commissioner has decided that the Brigadier shall, as he representative, commence a tour of inspection at the chief centres of the Territory. It will be the Brigadier's business to inspect the working of the Salvation Army from top to bottom, and advise with all concerned how better to carry out our great and revered General's famous injunction, "Work the Salvation Army." Our leader has made an excellent choice of the man for the work,

the Brigadier's gifts and long experience on this field having eminently qualified him for this most important position.

OUR NEW QUARTERLY.

MORE and more is the Army availing itself of the medium of printers' ink for extending and sustaining the interests of the Kingdom of Christ on earth. The mother-land has now no less than thirteen publications, the last being one devoted to Life Assurance. We in this Territory, are following hard in the wake of our comrades across the water, every great undertaking run from the Territorial Centre having its own book of instruction and advice; then there is our Social Annual, the latest of which, "Love Did It," has met with much favor, and lastly, owing to the healthy condition of the Grace-Before-Meal work and the prospect for still further advance, the Commissioner has decided that Mrs. Major Smeeton, her Secretary for this branch, shall publish a quarterly in its interests. Success to the Paper War!

NEWFOUNDLAND FIGHT TO BE REVIEWED.

PERHAPS there is no hotter volcano of unadulterated Salvationism than the Army in Newfoundland. Right across our borders the news of the plucky fight maintained by the Islanders is read with interest, nevertheless much is lost when the reports come in from small places, the names of which are seldom or never heard outside the island, and what is really needed to keep our readers in touch with the Newfoundland Fight is a bird's-eye view of the war as it is carried on throughout the island. This, we are glad to announce, will in future be supplied by the Provincial Officer, Brigadier Sharp, who, with his leading Staff Officers in council at St. John's recently, decided that each District Officer should be responsible for passing on to him the interesting news of their respective Districts which he in turn will make up into a column for the War Cry. We think this arrangement will work ad-



SECRETARY E. AIKENS AND TREASURER E. BURY.

COMING EVENTS

The Field Commissioner

WILL CONDUCT
 SPECIAL SOLDIERS'
 MEETINGS
 AS FOLLOWS

The Temple, Wednesday, July 2.
 Lippincott St., Friday, July 4.
 All Toronto Corps United.

BRIGADIER FUGMIRE

will visit

SPRING HILL, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 9, 10, 11 and 12.

MAJOR MCMILLAN,

accompanying by

THE LIFE GUARD'S BAND
 will conduct

GIGANTIC CAMP MEETINGS

as follows:

GRAFTON, July 7th to the 11th.
 WINNIPEG, July 13th to 20th.
 RAT PORTAGE, July 22nd to 28th.

mirably. It is certain it will make the Newfoundland Fight much more intelligible to readers in general. Of course we shall have other contributions from Newfoundland in addition to this column, but nil the live, up-to-date facts of the Fight, as it develops week by week, will be supplied by means of the column referred to.

HE ORGANIZES.

NEVER during the present Editor's regime has the distribution of the War Cry to the homes of the people been taken up with such enthusiasm as at present. Nearly every week records a distinct advance in the number of hustlers' sales, and in the number of hustlers employed in making those sales. A healthy spirit of sanctified competition of the kind referred to by the apostle when he spoke of his converts "provoking one another to love and good works" exists, especially between the various Provincial commanders, not one of whom has thrown more vim into the matter than that Rule and Regulation man of the Central Ontario Southern Section, Staff-Captain Hargrave, whose Section reaches the TOP OF THIS LIST, notwithstanding the fact that his command has only sixteen corps, whereas the other commands range as follows:

Eastern, Brigadier Fugmire 54
East Ontario, Brigadier Bennett 49
Newfoundland, Brigadier Sharp 41
West Ontario, Major Southall 4
North-West, Major McMillan 3
Central Ontario Northern Section, Staff-Captain Minnie 11
Pacific, Brigadier Howell 23

We may add, however, that many of Staff-Captain Hargrave's corps are situated unusually favorable for the prosecution of the Paper War.

WE commend to our readers' attention Adjutant Barr's excellent write-up on New Whatcom.

—Captain Baker, of Newfoundland, who has been sick, is improving nicely in health.

LOOK OUT

Everyone should read "THE GENERAL AS A SALVATION SOLDIER." An inspiring article by Commissioner Nicol, with special illustrations.

Next week's Cry will contain a specially written article from the Field Commissioner's pen entitled "PACK HORSES, or Bear ye One Another's Burdens."

MISS B. COUN

THE Field Commissioner's I was admitted. Despite her from the We to meet her hours from h sional fatigue recompensed else. With 1 peep which t this was the Commissioner nearly eight event to all. Next to anx er was the b body to hear which she h wish disappc had

and told it w tive powers of the recent s which she ha the influence will be long l all present.

A spacious Industrial Ho officers of the quarters Staff member all f expression, h notice than w the little grov where stood picturesque c which she ha there has nev the Commissi so many and daylight to d she kept ac place were fo her the wond toria, massed flutter of the and cried by those Indian s skinned but l there. Gather the council ro outline of the form could b

We were Awa

which most r any evening, sloner singing me," and wai tion fit to a motley crowd shout of far from behind t the Klondike lost to sight sponsibilities that the Com with her, left

Less than a convening of Commissioner her officers as It was one of which have family party would be bu Peacock, who on first, to b rising last w hearty and a was a vinct brevities in a sloner's soul-t love of God," imprint.

Brigadier and

Splendid we acul for sal troubled. Prev ing and testif

Another New

Ensign Mo corps with twelve soldier ten sinners t in course c pleted in the

EVENTS

Commissioner

SOLDIERS'

TINGS

MILITARY

Sunday, July 8.

Monday, July 9.

Tuesday, July 10.

Wednesday, July 11.

Thursday, July 12.

Friday, July 13.

Saturday, July 14.

Sunday, July 15.

Monday, July 16.

Tuesday, July 17.

Wednesday, July 18.

Thursday, July 19.

Friday, July 20.

Saturday, July 21.

Sunday, July 22.

Monday, July 23.

Tuesday, July 24.

Wednesday, July 25.

Thursday, July 26.

Friday, July 27.

Saturday, July 28.

Sunday, July 29.

Monday, July 30.

Tuesday, August 1.

Wednesday, August 2.

Thursday, August 3.

Friday, August 4.

Saturday, August 5.

Sunday, August 6.

Monday, August 7.

Tuesday, August 8.

Wednesday, August 9.

Thursday, August 10.

Friday, August 11.

Saturday, August 12.

Sunday, August 13.

Monday, August 14.

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Wednesday, August 16.

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Friday, August 18.

Saturday, August 19.

Sunday, August 20.

Monday, August 21.

Tuesday, August 22.

Wednesday, August 23.

Thursday, August 24.

Friday, August 25.

Saturday, August 26.

MISS BOOTH'S RECENT COUNCILS IN TORONTO



Telegraphic Address:
"Salvation, London."

The Salvation Army

International Headquarters,

Queen Victoria Street,

London, E. C.

Dear Friend,

You have returned to your Father's arms and home. In doing so you have done well. I am very glad of it, and so is God, and so are the angels, and so will your old comrades be. May you never, never, never wander again.

To that and you must be careful to use the necessary means to prevent another shipwreck. You can be quite sure that your perseverance will be opposed by the devil, and perhaps by some of your old companions and friends, and it may be objected to by some members of your own family; but Jesus Christ has promised you victory. He will bring you through.

Then, again, you can be quite sure that you will have trials and difficulties. I have them myself, but God has promised to support and comfort you in every dark and sorrowful hour, and He will be faithful to His word. He is strong to deliver.

In order that you may be faithful to the end, let me give you a little advice.

1. You must be clear in your own mind "that you have given up all and everything that is not of God." You must know what is your best thing. You must renounce it with all your heart. Any course which means going on in any sinful way, however profitable and pleasing it may appear to you, is wrong. You must give up all that is not of God, though dear as a right hand, and necessary as a right eye, if you are to have victory. If there is anything still left in your heart and life which you know to be contrary to the will of God, go down again before Him, as you did at the penitential form, and renounce it with all your heart.

2. You must be equally clear that you have given yourself up to the service of God. There must be no controversy in your soul about your duty. Lay yourself at the feet of Jesus Christ, and say, "Lord, I am prepared. In Thy strength, do all Thy will." Perhaps it was here you got wrong before. There was something you would not do, or somewhat you would not be, or somewhere you refused to go, because you did not like that particular thing, and consequently God was grieved and left you, and you became weak and fell before temptations. Don't do the same thing again.

3. You must be equally clear in your belief that God, your Heavenly Father, does here and now receive you back into His favor, and that He does freely pardon all the past. It is very wonderful that He should do so, and that He should do so all at once, after conduct that was so wickedly ungrateful, and so painful to your comrades, so disrespectful to Him, and so injurious to His kingdom; but still it is like His wonderful love and mercy that He should do so. Your work is to believe that He does it, and that without a doubt.

Another American Social Advance.

(Special.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Holz, National Social Secretary of the United States, has opened the third Social Colony for the relief and reformation of American out-of-work. The new colony is situated in the neighborhood of Cleveland, Ohio.

Changes in the British Editorial Department.

(Special.)

Major Marshall is relinquishing his position as Editor of "All the World," and has been appointed to the control of the newly-formed Literary Bureau, at International Headquarters. The Bureau will be instructed in its scope and will receive the valuable supervision of Commissioner Howard. Major Bond has been appointed to the Editorship of the "Office" and "Local Office," and Major Ellen Douglas has succeeded Major Bond as General Secretary of the Department and sub-Editor of the British War Cry.

Another New Opening in Newfoundland.

(Special.)

Ensign McRae has opened New Bay corps with good success. He enrolled twelve soldiers and had the joy of leading ten sinners to the Saviour. A barracks is in course of erection, and will be completed in the fall.

THE WORLD-WIDE WAR.

United States.

The Rescue Home at Los Angeles bids fair to be a great addition to Social efforts on the Pacific Coast. A United States officer is trying to raise a company for the war made up entirely of Salvationists for a cavalry regiment. Chaplain Steel, of the 1st Montana Volunteers, willingly arranges for Salvation Army meetings amongst his soldiers. One of our Chinese comrades was in the battle of Manila. During four months the Social work in San Francisco helped 1,245 poor families with food and clothing. The Army is permitted to hold daily meetings inside the tent on the regimental camp site of the 10th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

India.

A new barracks and schoolhouse is being built on the Gujarat Agricultural Peasant Settlement. During the three months' boom 478 adherents, 245 recruits, and 3,691 soldiers. A Home of Rest has been opened at Poona. A number of Jamedars walked 50 and 60 miles to be present at Commissioner Higgins' first meetings in the Punjab. A noted boom candidate comes from Peshawar. He was a popular native doctor and the whole village brought him not to enter the Army, offering him lands and property if he would turn back. But he held firm.

British Guinea.

Adjutant Shaw, who succeeded Staff-Captain Widgey, at British Guinea, reports a month of victory. Crowds turned away on Sunday. A great number of young men getting saved who will make fighting soldiers. Swore in eighteen last week, and more coming on. Captain D. Smith, a colored officer from Canada, collected £3 for a drum on his passage. With this, some second-hand instruments and a few tambourines, the first Salvation Army band is an accomplished fact.

Mail Bag Siftings.

"I want always to live so that the Master can say, 'But thou dost what she could.'"—Corps Correspondent Blin Atkins, New Whetcom.

"I have not had the least experience in this line (reportorial work), still I shall pray and try."—Corps Correspondent Eunice Robinson, Oshawa.

"I am well in my soul, praise God. God has blessed my work here, though only two and a half months of stay. Enrolled four soldiers and secured one Candidate. To God be the glory."—Basil Pugh.

"The town (Annapolis) is exceedingly pretty, and the most historic in the Province. A few pictures of the old fort and Government buildings, with a few of the nobilities of the town and corps would be just the thing to start the old-time interest in the War Cry."—Corps Correspondent Mrs. S. Riley. (All right, Mrs. Riley, send the pictures along.)

"I have been with the General to Burnley and Warrington. Packed houses and many souls at each place. Warrington is an old corps of mine twelve years ago. We captured a number of soldiers who were backsliders. In one instance a man and wife whose boy I visited twelve years ago until he died. Both father and mother were back again, and I trust will run to the end this time. The General had a wonderful time at Wigan. Love to all old hands."—William Baugh, Major.

"I do not feel capable or worthy of the office of Corps Correspondent which has been given me, and I know it will take lots of prayer and careful work to carry it out as I ought to do, but God helping me I will do my best. I know we are perfect weaklings of ourselves, and we can do nothing without God's help—we might do it, but it would not be done in the Spirit, therefore it would profit us nothing. I feel that in the work I have to do much good may be done, if it be done in the right way. Now please tell me all my faults."—Corps Correspondent Emily White, Houlton, Me.

"Captain Bloom, Special Correspondent for the Young Soldier of the Klondike contingent, is contributing some very interesting sketches of the journeyings of the Party to Dawson City.

OUT

"THE GENERAL N SOLDIER." An by Commissioner of Illustrations. Contains a specially on the Field Com- entitled "PACK y e One Another's

our readers' atten- d Barry's excellent hancout.

Newfoundland, who mproving nicely in

East Ontario.

Brigadier Bennett.] [Cry, 5,562.

Peterboro.—We felt God's presence very much on Sunday, and closed the day's fight with one precious soul in the Fountain. Praise God.—Yours to win, May.

Houlton.—Last week Adjutant and Mrs. Creighton spent Tuesday and Wednesday at Houlton corps. One soul got saved Sunday in the holiness meeting. We are still going on to victory.—Emily White, Reg. Cor.

Montreal II.—Hallelujah! God is our strength and is giving us the victory. Times of blessing all this week. Souls are under conviction. We are receiving showers of blessings. May the flood soon come. One brother came to God Sunday night.—Yours for God and souls, W. G. R. C.

Amherst.—We have had a visit from Adjutant McLean, our District Officer, which was enjoyed by all. We are still having victory in this place. We have a real devil to fight against, but we have a real God to help us. Praise His dear name.—Lieutenant Dawson, for Ensign Stalgers.

Trenton.—Good meetings all week, especially open-air. The devil would try to discourage us here, but God is for us, and He is more than all that can be against. We are believers for a reason in the devil's ranks soon. Conviction is stamped on many faces. Victory is sure. Hallelujah!—Lieutenant M. Brown, for Captain L. DeWitt.

Newport, Vt.—Special meetings this week held by Ensign Kimball and our officers assisted by the officers from St. Johnsbury and Coaticook. Friday evening seventeen of us visited Ironburgh and had a meeting. Over 500 people gathered to hear the message of the Gospel. We fought faithfully and returned to Newport rejoicing.—Brother J. S. Morse.

Deseronto.—One brother has claimed victory through the Blood. Although he wandered far away from God and his Father's home, yet he was glad to return again and ask forgiveness. He was not disappointed but went away rejoicing. To God be all the glory.—Still yours to conquer.—Lieut. L. Dora, for Captain A. Chappel.

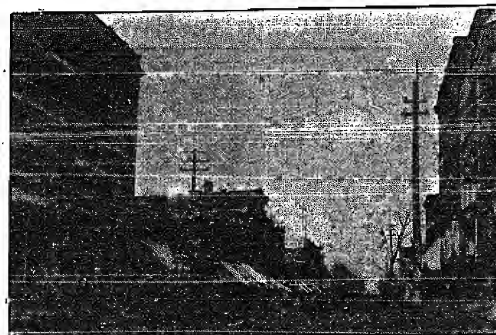
Brookville.—On Sunday three souls surrendered at the Outpost, Algonquin, and Monday we paid a visit to Rockport, where two more came boldly over to God. We came back rejoicing and wound up this event with four more volunteering in Brookville. We praise God and pray for better things to follow.—Faithful yours, Lieutenant E. Latimer, for W. H. Burrows, Ensign.

Bloomfield.—Praise the Lord we are not done, we are still here fighting under the dear old flag. We had a visit from Brigadier Bennett, which cheered us very much. The Brigadier commissioned our little band. God bless the landmen. The soldiers are keeping real good and God is helping and blessing us here. Poor backsliders are returning home. Praise the Lord for the victories won, but we are still in for greater victories.—A. Patten, Captain.

Sherbrooke.—We are going on and de-lighting in the night. The battle is the Lord's. Holiness meeting was a rich one. The mighty conquering power was there. Souls were set at liberty. The fire is burning. We are bound that there shall be a shout in the camp. Outpost meeting good (Suffield). We have been taking fifty extra War Cry for special bombardment, making a total of 125 each week. One soul claimed salvation last night.—H. C. K.

Ottawa.—Adjutant McLean has been on his usual tour of the District. Junior Sergeant-Major Mason has gone to another part of the battlefield, and Sergeant Heath has filled the vacancy. We wish them both success in their labors for God. Adjutant McDonald has arrived to take charge of the meeting. Rescue Work and Chub Edwards has travelled for the field. May God bless him and give him victory. The soul-saving still goes steadily on, though not as we would like to see it. Times, but still praise God for victory.—A. French.

Montreal I.—We had Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald with us for holiness meeting on Sunday morning. A good time. Afternoon and evening Ensign Allen in charge. One brother out to the penitent form at night. He said he thought he was saved when he came into the meeting, but such word that was spoken seemed to pierce his heart, and he walked he was not



MAIN STREET, LOOKING EAST, GANANOQUE—EAST ONTARIO.

saved at all and felt his need of a Saviour. God gave him courage to come and he got saved without a doubt. Monday night a backslider came back again and testified to being saved. May these comrades be faithful.—C. Harding.

Montreal I.—Since you have heard from us we have had the joy of seeing two more backsliders return to Jesus. One came out on Sunday night, after a hard fight, just as the meeting was about to close. And on Monday night another brother came out. Tuesday night we had a soldiers' tea, which was a huge success, owing to the efforts of Ensign Allen and her assistant officers. Brigadier and Mrs. Bennett and Headquarters' staff were with us, also the officers from No. 11, French corps and Joe Beebe. Somewhere about 125 officers, soldiers and friends sat down to tea. After tea had been disposed of we had a good spiritual feed, and everybody went home well satisfied. More big times on ahead.—C. Harding, Reg. Cor.



WAR CRY SERGEANT AND MRS. PERKINS.

SERGEANT PERKINS joined the Salvation Army in Barrie the 15th of April, 1897, and has been a true Salvationist ever since. He is a machinist by trade and works all day from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. He has never missed a Sunday knee-drill and scarcely ever a meeting. He takes full charge of the War Cry, and sees that they are all sold tanded up with what he gets much blessed in doing so. His testimony always has the right ring, salvation shows through his countenance, and he is a real Blood-and-Fire soldier in the true sense of the word.

Mrs. Perkins became a soldier the same time as her husband, and although unable to attend the meetings through sickness, she is a faithful soldier and wears full uniform whenever she is able to get out.—J. R. Wiseman, Adjutant, Barrie, Vt.

The North-West.

Major McMillan.] [Cry, 3336.]

THE LIFE GUARDS' BAND, In the North-West, Spend a Night to be Remembered.

We have visited quite a few places since last report, and needless to say, had much success. Now we are in North Dakota; spent several nights at Grafton. Of all the trips we have record of, this one beats them all—I mean the trip to Thompson from Grand Forks. Meeting came to a close about 10.30 p.m. Started back to Grand Forks, a twelve mile drive. About two miles out of town, behind a great black cloud loomed up from the West. There is a flash of lightning, then a crash of thunder. Now the elements are beginning to lose and tumble. This great rush convinces us of a mixture, of not only wind and water, but also fire, for now the lightning is so fierce and bright that you have a minute of fire before your eyes after every flash. But there, at a short distance, a farmhouse is revealed to us, but only for a moment, and then everything is pitch dark again. Is this all it will amount to? Not by any means, for now the rain is commencing to pour down in sheets, or something else; at any rate, we could not see—any feel. The drivers turn the heads of their horses, and after driving, or rather reeling the wagon go, for sometime, another flash of lightning revealed to us that we had arrived at the farm house. Now the fun (?) begins. Here were the most of us

Soaked to the Skin.

ladies included, who, by the way, were Adjutant Goodwin and Captain Dwyer. Now, someone gets out and when he puts his foot upon the ground he lifts a good portion of the man's property, which of course he has to leave again, for Dakotans value their country very much. Then with great difficulty some of us managed to reach the house and began to knock. But the inmates, of whose presence we had but small evidence—a dog—while, after displaying a reasonable amount of displeasure at being interrupted in his sweet slumbers, submitted himself to the most unfavorable circumstances. Perhaps the poor brute sympathized with us. The inmates, as I said before, perhaps thought we were Spaniards, or they were too fast asleep; I'm trying to persuade myself that the latter was the real cause of our having to pound in a most terrific manner for about half an hour. In the meantime the boys found a barn and got one team in. Captain Stokes was making some most desperate efforts (he is always a very earnest boy) to get his team unhitched. Now he has succeeded in unhooking the traces. But what is this? Though the rain wasn't coming in a solid mass of water, yet the Captain felt as if he had come to the bottom of the sea, and was all tanded up with what he thought to be a cable, and a huge fish which had perhaps taken it for a fish line, at the end of it. Here he feels his own feet all tangled, bound and fettered. On a closer examination Captain Stokes found out that this most serious predicament was caused by a large cat picketed out on a great chain.

The good people of the house could sleep no longer, for the noise of Captain Hinckirk's knocking had sounded so loud that he must have wakened up all the chickens in the coop (of which I shall

speak later on). Once inside, the light revealed to us that, but for

Our Happy-Looking Faces.

we were fearful looking objects. Then a bed was found for the ladies, and we were most contented with a place in a hay barn. Our sleep was somewhat troubled by about fifteen head of horses; especially Captain Stokes, who, of course, had after all got clear of the calf and chain, and by this time was in the land of nod enjoying (?) many adventures; dreaming about someone stealing his wig and false whiskers, which he uses in the "prolong" meetings, and then when a dozen or two of roosters started to sing their morning hymn in their own peculiar way, the Captain jumped up and stood in an erect position wondering which way he had come. Here we remained till morning, when we felt somewhat stiff, and some thought it might result in rheumatism. However, we got safely back to Grand Forks, and after resting felt none the worse for our trip.

In the evening the Major arrived from Winnipeg and we spent a powerful week-end. Sunday night we wound up with three souls in the Fountain, Glory to God, from whom all blessings flow.—Yours fighting, H. Kreiger, Cadet.

Virden.—A man was heard to say that the Lord must be asleep or else He would put the Salvation Army to sleep once in a while. Thank God we are still awake, and believing in the God that keepeth Israel, knowing He will lend us on to victory.—W. McCue, R. C.

Brandon.—Good time on Sunday. One soul volunteered right out in the afternoon meeting and got blessedly saved.—Trifolia.

Wapeton.—G. A. R. Convention was held in the city last week. Dr. Church, of Grand Forks, with us. Good time in the open-air. A poor old drunk knelt in the ring. Came up with the Doctor the next night to open-air and testified to salvation and of his determination to live for God. God is with us. We fight to win.—R. Jarvis, T. McLean.

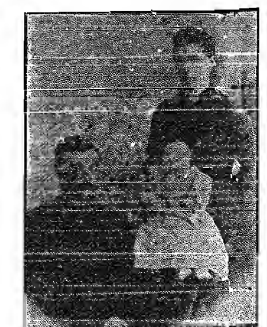
Fort William.—Good meetings and good crowds all week. Two souls for salvation on Sunday. Others under conviction. Soldiers in good fighting spirits. Truly God does never fail.—A. S.

Larimore.—Praise God for victory. One soul in the Fountain at knee-drill. Adjutant Goodwin was with us on Tuesday. Good meeting. Thank God for another soul on Wednesday. Ensign Robert was with us on Thursday and Friday. Thursday was children's night. A blessed time. Friday night enrolment of two soldiers and commissioning of three local officers. Thanks to God.—T. C. DeHaven.

Calgary.—With feelings of deepest regret we have had to say good-bye to our dear friends, Mrs. and Miss Walker. On the evening of their departure they gave a farewell supper to the corps, which we enjoyed very much, together with the parting words of loving counsel. Closed Sunday with one soul.—Mrs. W. A. McNelly.

Valley City.—We are still fighting and looking ahead to our camp meetings with great interest, the result of which we believe will be many souls crying for mercy.—Yours in the war, Mattie Wick, Sergeant.

Oakes.—Captain Mercer and self arrived here on Friday. Comrades anxious to size up new officers. Good meetings Sunday. Cod was working with us. The captures for the day were one for the blessing, two Juniors, and one volunteer for salvation. We are believing that these are only the droppings from the showers which are to follow.—Yours under the flag, Lieutenant Herringshaw.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ONIEL and BABY NELL.

Of Ennarech, N.D.

BRIGADIER PUGH.

Brigadier Pugh.

BRIGADIER PUGH.

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Brigadier Pugh.

Hargrave and His Braves at the Top.

A Feast Worthy of Emulation—Many Hands Make Light Work—Southall's Glass Second—Bennett Completes the Tria.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS—HUSTLERS, 209; SALES, \$464.

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Southern Section.

Hustlers, 54. —Sales, 1,587.

Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I.	308
Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple	100
Ensign Fox, Bowmanville	54
Mrs. Captain Jones, Brampton	54
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	50
Brother Young, Temple	50
Father Dixon, Temple	50
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	42
Capt. Stollker, Riverside (av. 2 wks)	42
S.-M. Bowers, Lisgar St.	40
Sergt. Howell, Riverside (av. 2 wks)	36
S.-M. Bowbeer, Lisgar	33
Sister Owen, Temple	35
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	35
Ensign Cameron, Riverside (av. 2 wks)	30
Sister Correll, Temple	30
Capt. Wm. Jones, Brampton	29
Cadet Craig, Lippincott	25
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	25
Mrs. Giles, Yorkville	25
Sergt. May Donaldson, Lisgar	25
Cadet Buckle, Lippincott	25
Sergt. Minnie Stokell, Lisgar	25
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott	24
Leut. Waide, Riverside (av. 2 wks)	24
Capt. Brant, Dovercourt (av. 3 wks)	24
Chas. C. Goodie, Social Farm	24
Cadet Heater, Lippincott	24
Cadet Tracey, Lippincott	24
Leut. Stevens, Oakville	23
Cadet Howcroft, Lippincott	23
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	23
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	22
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton	22
Leut. McLennan, Oakville	22
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott	21
Sister Price, Dovercourt	20
Leut. Peacock, Yorkville	20
Mrs. Thatcher, Hamilton	20
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	20
Capt. White Hamilton I.	20
Cand. Kemple, Temple	20
Sister Bolton, Temple	20
Sister Ida Murdoch, Lisgar	20
Capt. Hart, Lisgar	20
Sister Brass, Hamilton I.	19
Cadet Huskinson, Lippincott	18
Cadet Pickle, Lippincott	17
Sergt. Carwardine, Riverside	15
S.-M. Powers, Bowmanville	15
Leut. Jackson, Dovercourt	15
Sister Lake, Temple	15
Bro. Bennett, Lisgar	15
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	15

WEST ONTARIO

Hustlers, 51. —Sales, 2,410.

Capt. Helman, London	270
S.-M. Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	240
Leut. Bonny, Brantford	170
Ensign Ottaway, Petrolia	100
Leut. Pyke, Windsor	90
Ensign Collett, Stratford	87
Capt. Howcroft, Goderich	55
Adj. Coombs, London	55
S.-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	52
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	48
Leut. Burrows, Sarnia	45
Capt. Mathers, Sarnia	45
Capt. Haley, Stratford	40
Sergt. Gortie Yeomans, Chatham	37
Sister M. Allen, Mitchell	37
Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford	30
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy	45
S.-M. Cook, Clinton	43
Mrs. Scott, Chatham	40
Leut. Hodge, Strathroy	40
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	37
Sergt. Green Craft, Chatham	31
Sister Fitchley, Listowel	31
Sergt. Norfolk, London	30
Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham	29
Capt. Cox, Petrolia	19



CAPTAIN SCOTT.
Of Billings, Mont., a noted Pacific
Hustler.

Sister McQueen, Windsor	30
Leut. Baird, Paris	30
Sister Lindsay, Paris	30
Mrs. Adj. Taylor, Windsor	29
Capt. Burton, Listowel	25
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	25
Capt. Taylor, Tilsonburg	25
Capt. Pynn, Tilsonburg	25
Sister Hampton, St. Thomas	24
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	24
Leut. Gotske, Listowel	23
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	23
Sister A. Coppin, St. Thomas	22
Mrs. Reynolds, Brantford	20

Capt. Brindley, Renfrew	30
Ensign Burrows, Brockville	29
Capt. Reid, Coaticook	28
Leut. Larmour, Coaticook	28
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Sister Ritchie, Montreal II.	25
Sister Mrs. Johnston, Brockville	25
Cand. Hooke, Montreal II.	24
Sister Mary White, Brockville	24
Sister Mrs. Fullford, Brockville	20
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20
Bro. W. Spooner, Barre	20
Mrs. Dean, Prescott	15

EASTERN PROVINCE

Hustlers, 25. —Sales, 1,142.	
Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	190
Leut. Martin, St. Stephen (av. 2 wks)	120
Mrs. Capt. Bowerling, Sydney	90
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. John II.	55
Capt. Hutt, Sussex	53
Sergt. Jessie Brown, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	50
S.-M. Morrison, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks)	50



Mr. Sinclair (Butcher) to Captain Push-
"om, of Hustlerville." "Say, Captain, how
is it we haven't had any waste paper of
late?"

Mrs. Goodchild, St. Thomas	20
Sister Bozco, Clinton	19
Cand. Onkes, Petrolia	16
Cand. Hart, Wingham	16
Sister Smelter, Hespeler	15
Sister Brass, Preston	15
Cand. West, Hespeler	15
Cand. Brown, Hespeler	15
Sister Thompson, Hespeler	15
Sergt. Mrs. Butt, London	15
Mrs. Melroy, St. Thomas	15

EAST ONTARIO

Hustlers, 42. —Sales, 2,142.	
Ensign Walker, Belleville	129
Leut. Tuck, Montreal II.	117
Leut. Dawson, Arnprior	115
Capt. Beuchell, Prescott	102
Capt. Stanforth, St. Albans	100
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	101
Sergt. Perkins, Barre	80
Trans. Gillan, Renfrew	70
Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	65
Leut. Norman, Quebec	64
Capt. Michiel, Napanee	61
Mrs. Adjutant Blackburn, Cornwall	59
Leut. Latimer, Brockville	59
Capt. Stepler, Houlton	59
Capt. DeWitt, Trenton	57
Leut. Maggie Brown, Trenton	53
Adj. Bradley, Cobourg	53
Ensign Hargrave, Arnprior	50
Leut. McFarlane, Napanee	50
Leut. Owen, Brighton	45
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	45
Captain McIntyre, Kemptville	42
Leut. Sparks, Hamilton	40
Mrs. Adj. Bradley, Cobourg	40
Bro. C. Hersey, Barre	36
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal II.	35
Leut. Dora, Deseronto	35
Capt. Chapple, Deseronto	32
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville	34

Captain—"Oh, I've got a Cry selling
brigade organized, and we sell out now."
Mr. S.—"Oh, I see."
Captain—"Good morning, Mr. S."
Mr. S.—"Good morning, Captain."

Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton	50
Sergt. Moore, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	42
Leut. Hebb, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks)	38
Sergt. Mary Pollock, Fredericton	35
Captain Jennings, Chatham	35
Leutenant Hudson, Chatham	31
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	30
Captain Englund, Amherst (av. 2 wks)	30
Leutenant McLeod, Amherst (av. 2 wks)	30
Sergeant Mary McDonald, Glace Bay, (av. 2 wks)	27
Sister Roberts, Port Elgin	25
Mother England, Chatham	25
Sergeant A. Tilley, St. John II.	20
Sister Maud Batty, Fredericton	20
Sergeant Rogers, Windsor	20
Sister Liebman, Fredericton	18

PACIFIC

to Hustlers—	—Sales, 867
Captain Gooding, Nelson (av. 2 wks)	141
Captain Thoen, Bozeman	145
Sister Lewis, Victoria	104
Captain Scott, Billings	104
Leutenant Zieharth, Livingston	90
Mrs. Adjutant Ayre, Victoria	80
Sergeant VanCamp, Dillon	75
Leutenant Galt, Sheridan	75
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	35
Sister Louie Cooper, Billings	35

NORTH-WEST

to Hustlers—	—Sales, 313
Ensign Hayes, Calgary	105
Captain McDrew, Brandon	67
Sergeant L. Maddess, Brandon	60
Leut. McNevin, Prince Albert	47
Leutenant Anderson, Minnesota	41
Candidate McRea, Minnesota	20

NEWFOUNDLAND.

6 Hustlers—	—Sales, 285
Cadet Sparks, St. Johns I.	60
Sergeant Penny, St. Johns I.	50
Sergeant Liddon, St. John I.	40
Sister Rowe, St. John I.	40
Sister Bailey, St. John I.	20
Sister Raymond, St. John I.	15
CENTRAL ONTARIO, Northern Section.	
6 Hustlers—	—Sales, 279
Leutenant Capper, Barrie	120
Sergeant Mrs. Bone, Barrie	43
Captain Charlton, Furry Sound	40
Captain O'Neill, Huntsville	30
Brother Langridge, Huntsville	25
Captain Glass, Furry Sound	21

F. P. had suspected something of the kind for some considerable time past. The quiet meaningful "well-a-while" with which the Southern Section's leader so oft met the queries of F. P. is now fully explained. Taking into consideration the small number of corps in the Section, the Southern's feat is all the more worthy of praise. Now then, ye hustlers, all who know how to appreciate real "grit and sand," give them a cheer of encouragement.

THE WELKIN RINGS.

By the way, list a moment—lend me your ears (no Southern Section ears wanted, please). The end is not yet. Hargrave is in for something desperate. Corps are organizing. Publications? Scout-majors are being commissioned, and there is an order for an increase in the Cry for his Section. Does this scare you at all, ye worthy leaders of other Provinces?

Until recently F. P. led the fluttering unctious to his soul rather more than the average percentage of the milk of human kindness flowed through his veins. But some hustlers have discovered in the hitherto harmless F. P. a hardness, all now unknown. But there, that may be accounted for by the material with which his pen is tipped, being one of the hardest substances known.

THE FOUNTAIN RUNNETH DIRTY.
The pen is filed again, and resumeth its scribbles.

The one word which forms the key in the whole War Cry problem is ORGANIZATION! Whether the number taken be fifty or five hundred the end is the same: it is not the carrying of the whole burden by the Officers, alone, but a distribution of the Cry amongst a number of the comrades, many or few, according to the number in the corps. There may possibly be a corps here and there where organization on this line would prove a difficult matter, but we are inclined to think such corps the exception and not the rule.

We would be glad to hear from officers throughout the Territory on this subject, from the standpoint of practical experience on this line.

THE CRY WAS EVER MEANT TO PROVE A BLESSING TO ALL, AND A GHOST-A BURDEN TO NONE.

Two texts from the Old Book come forcibly to F. P.'s mind—"Bear ye one another's burdens (Gal. vi. 2), and "Every man shall bear his own burden" (Gal. vi. 5).

The question of the responsibility pertaining to matters concerning the Kingdom of God in a corps is a burden not to be placed on the shoulders, and carried on the heart of the Officers alone!

Have we taken the name of Christ upon us? Then a share of the burden of His Kingdom's interests falls upon us. This accepted, we "bear one another's burdens," and thus we "each bear our own burden."

Say, reader, are you helping to carry your Captain's burden by carrying your own? F. P. would be glad to know through the hustlers column.

A post card lies before F. P. as he writes, upon which the writer confesses his wrong-doing by not sending his totals in weekly, thus bringing sorrow upon the head of this worthy F. P. If all who are guilty this week of a like wrong in the Eastern Province were to send cards expressing the same sentiments, what a number there would be. Say, ye Easterners, do you feel very comfortable writing the heretic Pagmire's name so low down on the Roll of Honor. Thinker thou that is the place for such as he? Never, surely! Then let F. P. have your totals, and let him have them regularly.

Congratulations to all hustlers whose names grace our lengthy list this week. May our numbers increase. Let us determine that by the blessing and help of God we shall spare no efforts during the summer months to bring the claims of Jesus before the people, doing ALL whether it be singing, speaking, praying, or hustling the Cry. In His name and for His glory.

Yours affectionately,
FOUNTAIN PEN.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

[Sales, 252]
 Marks, St. John's 60
 Penny, St. John's 60
 Lidston, St. John's 40
 Jwe, St. John's 40
 Uley, St. John's 40
 Laymond, St. John's 15

L. ONTARIO, Northern Section.

[Sales, 229]
 Capper, Barrie 120
 Mrs. Bone, Barrie 10
 Charlton, Parry Sound 40
 O'Neill, Huntsville 20
 Langridge, Huntsville 25
 Glass, Parry Sound 25

had suspected something of the
 some considerable time past,
 et. meaningful "wait-a-while"
 ch the Southern Section's leader
 not the queries of F. P. is now
 plained. Taking into consider-
 a small number of corps in the
 Southern's tent is all the
 worthy of praise. Now then, ye
 all who know how to appreciate
 it and send, give them a cheer
 rement.

THE WELKIN RINGS.

way, list a moment—lend me
 rs. (no Southern Section curs
 pleases! The end is not yet.
 is in for something desperate
 re organizing. Publication S.
 ajors are being commissioned,
 is an order for an increase in
 for his Section. Does this mean
 ally, ye worthy leaders of other
 ?

recently F. P. held the flattering
 to his soul that rather more than
 age percentage of the milk of
 indness flowed through his veins,
 o hunters have discovered in the
 harmless F. P. a hardness, till
 known. But there, that may be
 d for by the material with which
 is tipped—iridium being one of
 eat substances known.

FOUNTAIN RUNNETH DRY.

is filled again, and resumeth
 bilings.

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 the War Cry problem is ORGAN-
 ization. Whether the number taken
 or five hundred the end to be
 is not the carrying of the whole
 by the Officers alone, but a
 tion of the Cry amongst a
 of the comrades, many or few,
 to the number in the corps.
 any possibly be a corps here and
 here organization on this line
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 to think such corps the excep-
 tion rule.

ould be glad to hear from officers
 out the Territory on this subject,
 at standpoint of practical experi-
 ence this line.

CRY WAS EVER MEANT TO
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 (B).

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 matters concerning the King-
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 eed on the shoulders, and carried
 heart of the Officers alone!

we taken the name of Christ upon
 a share of the burden of His
 Kingdom, His interests fall upon us. This
 is, we "bear one another's bur-
 den and thus we "each bear our own

leader, are you helping to carry
 your "burden" by carrying your
 F. P. would be glad to know
 the hustlers column.

and His before F. P. as he
 upon which the writer confesses
 ing-doing by not sending his totals
 ing, thus bringing sorrow upon
 d of this worthy F. P. O. If all
 guilty this week of a like wrong
 Eastern Province were to send
 expressing the same sentiments,
 number there would be. Say,
 errors, do you feel very comfort-
 ing the heroic Pugmire's name
 down on the Roll of Honor?

is that is the place for such
 Never, surely! Then let F. P.
 totals, and let him have them
 own.

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 trace our lengthy list this week
 numbers increase. Let us
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 we shall spare no efforts during
 our months to bring the claims
 before the people, doing ALL
 it be singing, speaking, praying,
 ing the Cry, in His name and
 glory.

Yours affectionately,
 FOUNTAIN PEN.

A Very Good Set of Songs for
 Salvation Fighting.

Tune.—Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge.

1 Blot, oh, blot out my transgressions!
 Caut! Thou not my soul restore?
 Now I come in true contrition.
 Lift me up to full no more.
 Oh, restore me!
 Lift me up to full no more!

All is dark when Thou dost leave me,
 Not a single star remains;
 Black despair then overwhelms me,
 And I groan in sin's dark chains.
 Oh, restore me!
 Lift me up to full no more!

Ah! so often I have grieved Thee.
 Disobeyed Thy Spirit's voice,
 Shrank from suffering and betrayed Thee.
 Missed my road by selfish choice.
 Oh, restore me!
 Lift me up to full no more!

Why should I so shrink and tremble?
 When reproach I'm called to share?
 Ah! how little I resemble
 Him who blame and scorn did bear!
 Oh, restore me!
 Lift me up to full no more!

To Thy cross nail my affections,
 Fix, oh, fix this changing heart!
 Henceforth may I, strictly follow,
 Nothing seek from Thee apart.
 Oh, restore me!
 Lift me up to full no more!

The Marchale.

Tune.—Heaven's a beautiful city, (S.M.,
 11, 62).

2 A wanderer in a far country,
 From home I had wandered away,
 Henceforth may I, strictly follow,
 There was music and dancing that day.

Chorus.
 He heard me, He heard me!
 He heard me when I cried!
 He answered, He answered!
 With pardon He replied.

I wanted to know sins forgiven,
 I prayed Him to pardon the past,
 He answered and filled me with heaven,
 I felt He had saved me at last.

Oh, blessed, thrice blessed salvation,
 Thy riches and treasures are mine!
 I'm singing amidst tribulations,
 And fighting for souls all the time.

Colonel Lawley.

Tune.—So early in the morning.

3 As in this war I take my stand,
 To live salvation through the land,
 I'm compassed round on every hand
 By foes who fight and truth withstand.

Chorus.
 I hit the nearest devil!
 I hit the nearest devil!
 I hit the nearest devil!
 That's what I always do!

When'er the Lord sends me a gal,
 In matters big, or matters small,
 The devil in a corps is a burden not
 His lips to block me like a wall!

Then, when the nearest one I smite,
 I lay it on with all my might;
 This gives me victory in the fight,
 As one by one they take to flight!

So in the fight I forward go,
 And though my pace is often slow,
 By God's own power I always know
 I'm sure to conquer every foe!

—(C)—

REPENT, BELIEVE, BE BORN AGAIN.

Tune.—Marching through Georgia (B.I. 2).

4 There are some selfish people who
 would like to own the earth,
 But they are to be pitied, for they
 have been so from birth.
 And all they need to put them right is to
 get the second birth.
 And shut for the pearly gates of glory.

Chorus.
 Repent, repent, and you shall be for-
 given!
 Repent, repent, this is the way to heav-
 en!
 Repent, believe, be born again, is God's
 eternal plan
 To enter the pearly gates of glory.

We see the gambler as he sets his traps
 to catch the fool.
 His early teaching quite forgets, also the
 golden rule;
 But after games he'll have to learn in
 quite a different school
 To enter the pearly gates of glory.

We see the drunkard cursed by drink,
 the rich, the poor as well.
 Who blindly stagger on the brink of end-
 less drunkard's hell;
 Go tell those souls of Jesus' love and
 how He waits to lead
 Their steps to the pearly gates of glory.

We see the giddy butterflies of fashion
 all around.
 Who live to dress their bodies which will
 soon be underground.
 And at the Judgment Seat of Christ in
 rage they will be found
 And shut out of the pearly gates of
 glory.

Staff-Captain J. C. Ludgate.

Tune.—Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus.

5 Come to the Saviour, sinner, come
 with all your sin!
 Plunge into the Fountain, it will
 cleanse you within!
 'Twas for you He suffered, on the cross
 was crucified,
 Sinner, will you serve Him? It was for
 you He died.

Chorus.

Sinner, sinner, hear the Saviour calling!
 "Come unto Me, trust in Me, I will set
 you free!"
 Sinner, sinner, hear the Saviour calling!
 "Trust in Me, your Saviour, I will set
 you free!"

He will forgive you though your sins
 rise mountain high,
 On the cross of Calvary for you He did
 die;
 Come to Him confessing, He will gladly
 you forgive,
 Come to Him repenting and He'll bid
 you live.

Trusting in the Saviour, making Him
 your all in all,
 Following in His footsteps you will never
 never fall!

Battling in this warfare 'gainst the
 powers of death and sin,
 Fighting for Jehovah we are bound to win.

Hebrew.

Tune.—There is a better world they say
 (E.S. 11); We're traveling home.

6 You've drifted far on pleasure's sea,
 Far from God, far from God, far
 from God.

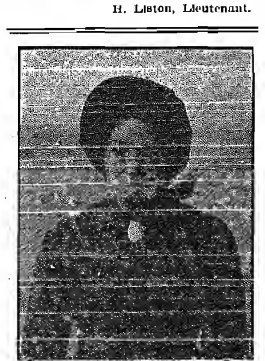
Though oft His voice has spoke to thee,
 Full of love, full of love, full of love,
 For years your soul has drifted round,
 And nought but pain and sorrow found;
 Turn now to Christ, He'll be your Friend,
 Precious Friend, loving Friend, precious
 Friend.

Those sins of years have made your life
 dark and drear, dark and drear, dark
 and drear,
 And oft your heart is filled with strife,
 Doubt and fear, doubt and fear, doubt
 and fear.

Why will you longer stay away,
 And wander on in sin's dark way?
 Oh come, oh come to Christ to-day,
 He will save, He will save, He will save.

Oh, see Him hanging on the tree,
 Wondrous love, wondrous love, won-
 drous love,
 His life's blood flowing down so free,
 Wondrous love, wondrous love, won-
 drous love.

Sinner, He cries aloud to thee,
 "Turn from your sin and follow me,
 And then shall my salvation see,
 Come away, come away, come away."
 H. Lidston, Lieutenant.



MRS. GEYSER.

Grace-Before-Meat Agent at Living-
 ston, Mont., Adjutant Hay, the C. B. M.
 Provincial Agent, for the Pacific Pro-
 vince, sends the above photograph with
 the announcement that Mrs. Geyser
 collected \$8 last quarter.

Trade Department

Our Black Mohair...

SUMMER COATS

Made to order at \$3.50

They are splendid value, light and durable, will
 not fade. We guarantee satisfaction. Ask
 your Provincial Officer for Samples.

No. 130 is an excellent...

INDIGO DYE SERGE

... and just the thing for
 Summer. \$12.50 will buy a SUIT MADE TO
 YOUR ORDER, and guaranteed to please.

We have never offered a better value for the money.

Have you seen the Half-tone?

PHOTO-ENGRAVING
 OF THE COMMISSIONER

They look well, framed, and will be a decoration for
 your home. They sell at...

25 CENTS EACH, POSTPAID.

You should have one.

We have still left some of the

LARGE COLORED LITHOS

OF

OUR GENERAL

Splendid for decorating your Barracks and J.S.

Halls. They go at

35 CENTS, POSTPAID.

A few Testimonies by the Way:

A Band Suit
 Elicited "I am very well
 pleased."

A Jacket
 "It fits beautifully. Somebody
 thinks it 'lovely.'"

A Staff Suit
 "I am very much pleased."

A Tunic
 "Fits to perfection."

Overcoat
 "Fits me very good."

Pants
 "Perfect fit. Well satisfied."

Dress Goods
 "I am delighted."

Tea
 "Best ever had." (Supplied to
 a lodge festival.)

Goods
 "Patron well pleased. Every-
 body satisfied." (This was
 for a wedding.)

Bonnet
 "Perfect satisfaction"

Printing
 "Am delighted. Very neat
 and clean."

Watch
 "Filled my heart with joy."

"War Cry"
 "Cannot get along very well
 without it."

"The Officer"
 "Have been without 'The
 Officer for a year and am
 hungry for it."

"The Local Officer"
 "A good thing."

Enquiries will be cheerfully satisfied by all Provincial
 Officers and

THE TRADE SECRETARY,
 TORONTO, ONT.

Saved by Grace. "OUT OF ALL THIS TROUBLE!"

The Remarkable Story of Color-Sergeant Joe Chapman, of Winnipeg.

"THAT'S WHAT SALVATION HAS DONE FOR ME!"

THESE words were spoken by Color Sergeant Joe Chapman, of the Winnipeg corps, and were spoken in such a manner, and with such emphasis as to leave no doubt in the hearers' mind, that Joe was perfectly satisfied with his salvation, and with what God had done for him. I had called at Joe's workshop for the purpose of hearing some of his experiences, and the following is a sketch of what he told me.



COLOR SERGEANT JOE CHAPMAN, Winnipeg.

"I was born at Stockton-on-Tees, England, in the year 1867. At the age of 19 years I enlisted in the militia and served three years, and by the end of that time I had become so addicted to drinking and other bad habits, that I thought I had better strike for another country and try to reform. I believe

I Should Have Been Hanged

long ago if I had stayed in the Old Country. I started for Canada in the Spring of 1877, and although I had determined to reform and turn over a new leaf, I started drinking on the ship as soon as the bar was open, and drank like a fish all the way across the Atlantic. I have sworn off hundreds of times since then, only to go back each time, and be as bad or worse than ever. On arriving at Quebec I stepped on the gangway to go on shore, and I tumbled into Canada, and I was tumbling and rolling from place to place for seven or eight years. I got into lots of fights through drink. I visited all the chief cities of Canada and the States

Vainly Looking for Satisfaction.

I tried rattling, lumbering, pork-packing, and almost everything that was going, but wherever I was, whiskey got the upper hand of me. I could always earn lots of money. My brother George and I once put a saw-kerp on a mill, and got \$2 for less than an hour's work; the job was a dangerous one and on that account we got extra pay. I may say the \$2 went after all the money I earned in those days—in whiskey. I was so often under the influence of liquor and in such questionable company that

It is a Wonder I am Alive To-day.

One time when I was drunk I fought with a barber, and punished him so that he was laid up for a week. The local police said I ought to have killed him. He was the bully of the town. On another occasion my brother and I were drinking in a low saloon in the Italian quarters in Chicago, and ran foul of an Italian who drew a knife, and threatened me, but I thought better of it when he saw my brother George with a billiard cue ready to take my part. Numerous other quarrels I have been in, and should have been taken in lots of times had I had my wits, but although I was such a drunkard and such a tough, I was never in jail. If I did anyone any injury while drinking I was always sorry for it after and would always feel bad about it. Time and time again I went home with my face covered with blood, and caused my people endless trouble by my fighting and drinking habits, and the Lord only knows where it would all have ended if I had not come to Winnipeg. I tell you that before I came to Winnipeg

Or, The Ten Coffins.

By BRIGADIER W. H. HARDING, Editor of the Social Gazette.

"Shall I ever get out of all this trouble?" was the sighing utterance of a poor mother, with a family of nine children to support, and her husband dying in an infirmary ward—*Evening Paper.*
Next day but one, mother and children were all burnt to death!

NINE to keep, and an empty purse—
Nine little mouths to find in bread;

Nine to clothe, and dress, and nurse,
Let alone me that is seldom fed.

You that are great and well-to-do,
Oh, you that have plenty—and gold to spare,

You may sit in your silks in your quiet pew,
And yet find cloth for limbs that are bare!

It's the round, and the round, and the round
afresh,

The day after day of the pull and the strife,
The tugging the rope that grinds the flesh,

The effort and strain of the daily life.
Or if there were only one or two,

Or if poor Jim did a day now and then,
Or if there was work that a woman could do

(They don't want us, don't the workin'-men.)

The day looms grey, and the children sleep,
And dull mists creep in a dingy cloud;

They wrap us around, as eager to keep
The prey that belongs to the grave and shroud.

But oh the life that the summers live!
And oh to wait for your babes to wake

To cry for their food—when there's none to give!

Oh, woman, that makes the sad heart ache!

Light, cover tight, and drag the old rags close around.

Little Jim's astir, and the morning air is chill;

Ough, cough, and cough—the doctor's stuff is very well,

But it's "Give him chicken broth," and it's "Feed him with a spoon!"

While my poor old heart is breaking and I'm too far gone for tears,

For you cannot drive the body more'n you can't the jelly run's all crumble!

Isn't there NO way out from trouble?

But well fry our hot dry slice of bread, so where's the old, old pan?

The sloppy day crawls on apace,
But be there a mile of the commonest food,

The empty cupboard reveal no trace,
We must swallow, in peace, our hungry mood.

The matchbox makers must plod and plod—
Pasting and fold, and folding and paste,

And the profits—oh, count the profits, my God!

And of precious human life the waste

Tuppence-farthing for twelve times twelve

Of yellow boxes, counted true—

A nugget of truth for those who delve

To know why the poorest stew

per I had never been inside a church for seventeen years. I had no use for them. I saw no much hypocrisy amongst men who went to church on Sundays and were as crooked as the devil could make them on week days, that I had no use for religion till I came to the Army. I saw something about the Salvationists which was different to anything I had ever seen before, something genuine that took my fancy. I didn't have to go to the Army meetings twelve months before the Lord convinced me I was a sinner, and when I came to the penitent form they asked me if I was willing to give up whiskey and tobacco. I said

I was willing to give up anything

If the Lord would only save me. It was on the 26th of September, 1882, that I got saved.

"I came to Jesus as I was,

Wearied, worn and sad,

I found in Him a resting place,

And He has made me glad."

And, glory to God, I have been glad ever since. I have no more use for whiskey

And fret in eternal rebel mind,
Kicking the pricks and dragging the trace

—Oh, some have the fruit and some the rind,
And its gutter-folk need all the greater grace.

How shall I ever get out of all this—
Where's there a nearer cut to God?

Shot away to Him, is a kiss
The welcome, or is it the angry rod?

Let me fall in the hands of Christ,
I'm tired and weary of ways of men—

For life is a river that's always fed,
And decent folks count one in ten!

How they died, if really or not.
When the solemn angel-message came—

Your jury wist not, but the dismal cot
Was wrapped in a whirling robe of flame.

The children's bodies were smoked and charred—
Did their souls receive the Saviour's kiss?

Well, tho' on the earth their lives were marred,
That's how they all "got out of this"

So, through the dark she groped for truth,
Think you it was trouble you heard her curse?

Or the wrong, and the sin, and the wicked's
ruth?

It were a problem to rehearse
If ever the woman were right in soul,

Argue it out with your nearest wit;
But, being in doubt if she paid her toll,

Why, give her the query's benefit

Nine to keep—but there's food on High,
For the Lord has big stores and His heart

is kind;

Nine to nurse—there's room in the sky,
Spie all that a sceptic ever whined,

But their mother was laden too heavy to bear.
They were weary of earth, poor mites, y—

see;

Perehance He spoke through the fire and smoke,
"Suffer them all to come to Me."

Down to the grave! Oh, give them modest burial;

Count coffins ten, as the tramp of marching goes;

Tread softly tread, oh, take the path with downcast eyes,

For surely men have cause to weep a sister's lifelong fast,

And her daily deadly struggle for her child's little lives,

And the ceaseless round of life that dulls the brain.

Pray God her portion double,
New she's "out of all her trouble."

Good-bye, sexton, at the graveyard gate—till we call on you again.

or tobacco. God took all desire for that, and everything else that was bad, out of my heart when He saved me. Glory to God. He took all the crooks and twists out of me, and to-day I can look everybody straight in the face, because I have got

A Salvation that Satisfies,

and that helps me to live a life pleasing to God.

That's what salvation has done for me, and, glory to God, I feel that if life was to end me off the face of the earth at any moment I should have an abundant entrance into the Kingdom. What He has done for me, He is able to do for everyone who will come and accept Him."

Note.—I cannot say definitely, but I am strongly under the impression that Joe is one of the old and original members of Shea's army. I have had the opportunity of observing Joe as a Salvationist for some nine months, and have often been greatly blessed and encouraged by hearing him testify. He was commissioned Color-Sergeant to the Winnipeg

corps in January last, and is always at his post no matter how inclement the weather, and by his steady example a great blessing to the corps. May God keep him and make him the means of bringing many precious souls to the same Saviour he has found. J. F. H.

GATHERED GEMS

COMPARE THE JOYS OF VERITY
WITH THOSE OF VANITY.

TROUBLES COME ALIKE TO ALL
BUT ALL ARE NOT ALIKE TROUBLED.

PRaise THAT SPRINGS FROM
LIVING OPERATIVE FAITH IN JESUS—
—CROWNS HIM.

THE PLACE OF UNSUPPORTED
FAITH IS THE PLACE OF BOUND-
LESS WEALTH.

LET US NOT DOUBLE THE AN-
XIETIES OF TO-DAY BY ADDING
THOSE OF TO-MORROW.

THE PROMISES OF GOD ARE LIKE
SPRINGS AND RIVERS LEADING TO
THE GREAT OCEAN—GOD.

OUR DISCERNMENT OF GUIDANCE
DEPENDS ON THE MEASURE IN
WHICH WE ARE WALKING IN THE
LIGHT.

THERE ARE MANY SWEET FLOW-
ERS GROWING ALONG THE PATH
THROUGH THE VALLEY OF HUMIL-
IATION.

HOW MANY BY THEIR HASTE TO
TEACH BEFORE THEY KNOW, LOSE
THE DIVINE ART OF LEARNING
ANY MORE.

THE SELF-WILL MUST FAIL INTO
THE WILL OF GOD AS A RAINDROP
OR SNOWFLAKE INTO THE SEA
AND BECOME A PART OF IT.

ON THE STRONG ROCK OF PER-
PETUAL IDENTITY OF THE DIVINE
WILL, AND NOT ON THE UNCE-
RTAIN QUICKSANDS OF A CHANGE-
ABLE WILL, THE HOLY MAN RESTS
HIS HEAD IN PEACE.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER IS SWEET
—IT PROCEEDS FROM THE OCEAN
OF PURE LOVE—NEVER GIVES AC-
CESS TO IT—IT KNOWS NO BOUNDS
—UNDER THIS SENSE WE SHOULD
SALUTE ALL OUR FRIENDS.

STOKOS BETTER THAN BEER.

A drink highly recommended by many
working men in the Old Country, es-
pecially when engaged in extraordinary
labor, such as at harvest time, is made
as follows:

Put from four to six ounces of fresh
oatmeal, ground as fine as flour, into a
pan, mix with a little cold water to the
substance of cream, then add five or six
ounces of loaf sugar and a fresh lemon
cut in thin slices, with the pulp taken
out; add a gallon of boiling water;
stir thoroughly while the water is being
poured on. Use hot, warm or cold. The
lemon may be omitted, or any other
flavoring used instead.

If you make "stokos" drop the Editor
a post card saying whether it is really
as good as represented.

OLD GRON BONES may get up
in meetings and try to draw comfort
from the company by droning out a
long monotonous about his great trials,
tribulations, temptations, etc., but the
best remedy we know of to take the
stiffness out of his joints, put a song
into his mouth and make him forget
his troubles of his soul, is to divert
his attention by giving him a nice,
good, heavy cross to carry. Try it.
The next time old Gron
Captain rises to sing his usual changes,
Bones rises to ring his usual changes.
Just slip a bundle of War Cry's under
his arm and start him out of the front
door into the path of duty and hap-
piness. Do this to or three times, and
the chances are he will rise to call you
blessed.

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